10¢

Patsy Walker

NO. 3

FEB.

COMICS

"Let me show YOU too, HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF COMMANDO -TOUGH

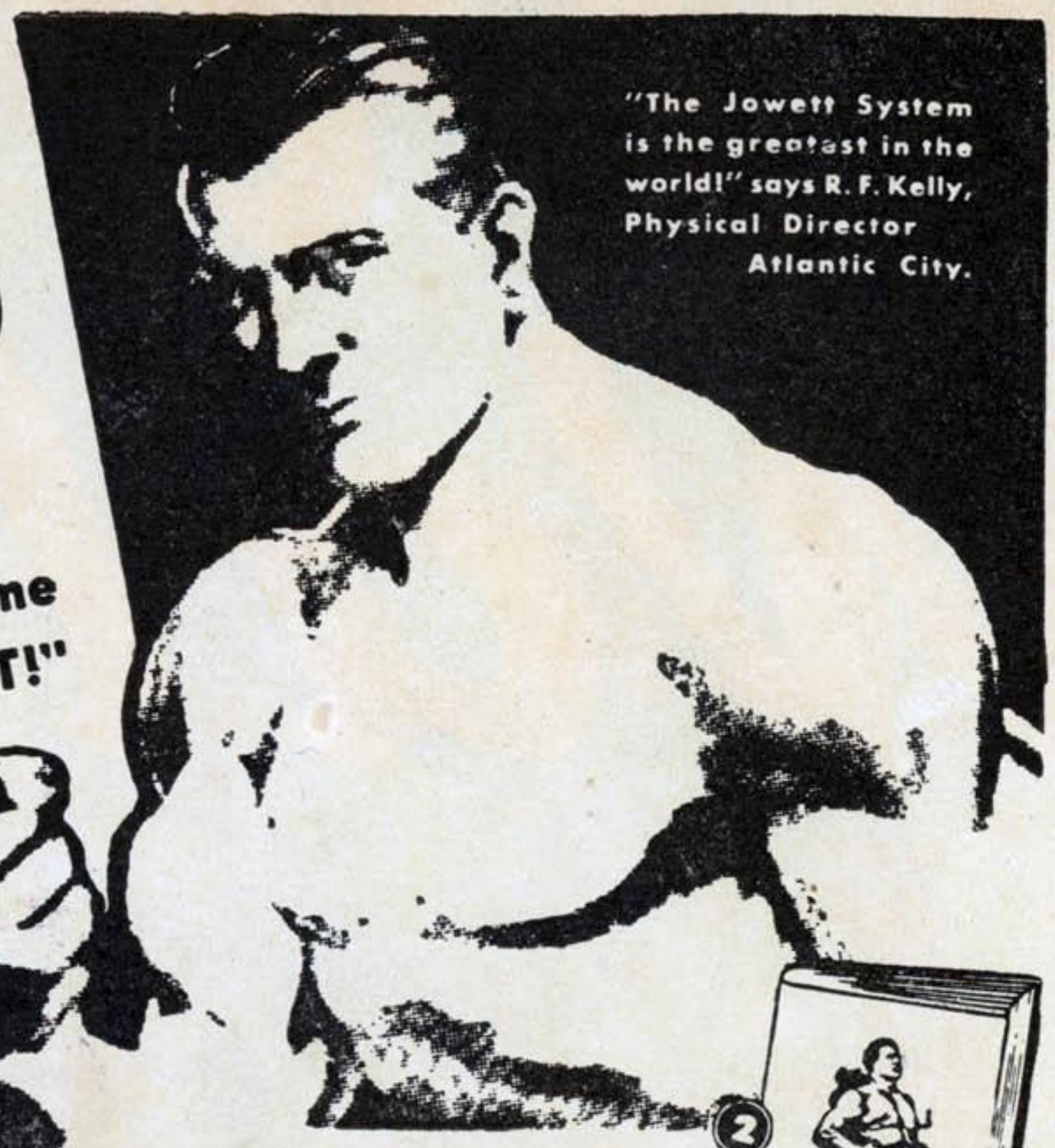
inside and out . . . in double quick time —OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the

WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest' Broaden your shoulders' And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



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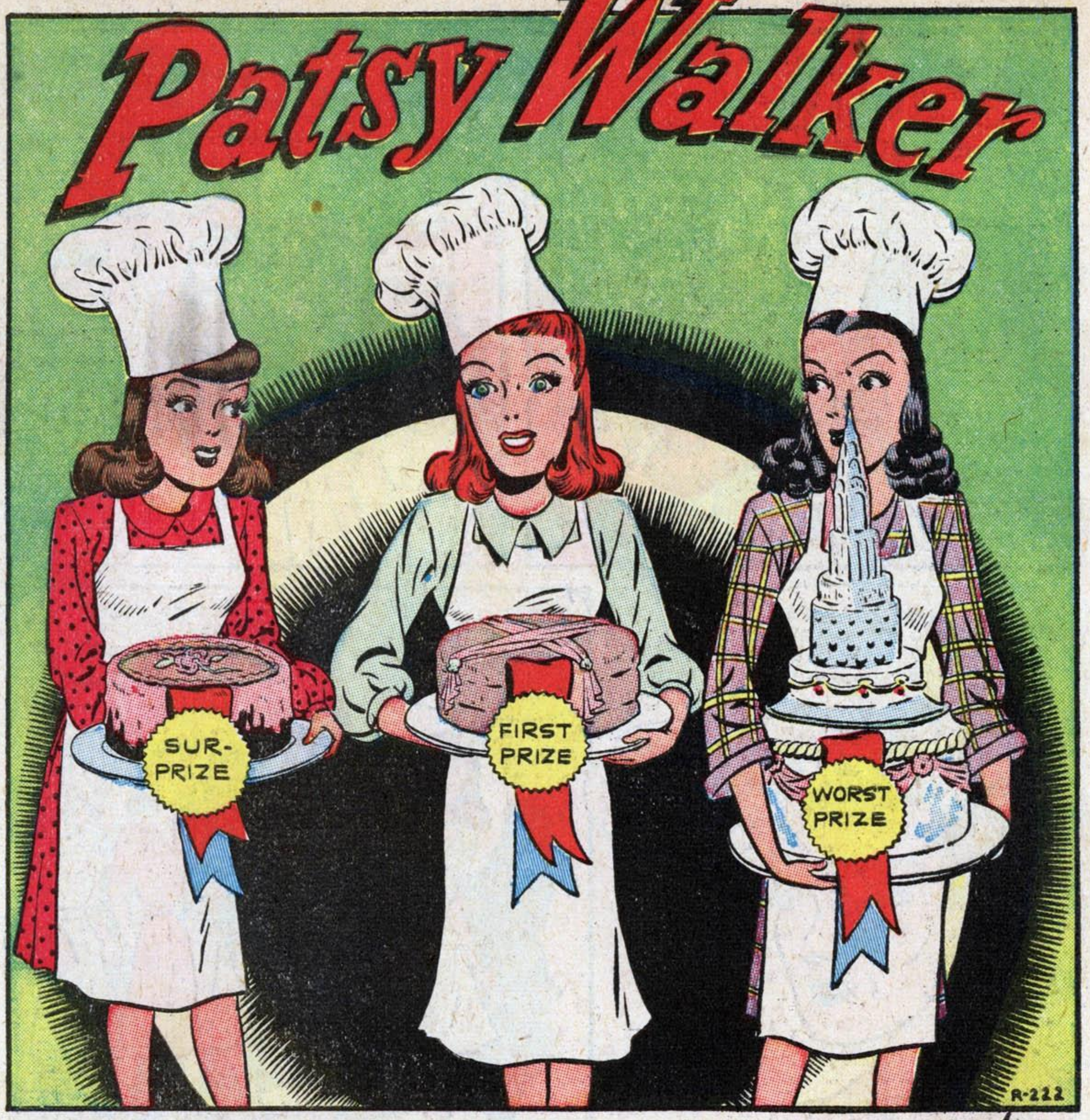
Patsy Walker



ONE AFTERNOON AT THE HIGH SCHOOL COOKING CLASS...

WELL-WELL! STEAM! YOU AND FULTON OUGHT TO GET TOGETHER AND INVENT A STEAMBOAT!
GIRLS! ATTENTION PLEASE!
IT ISN'T STEAM... IT'S EXPLODING STEW!

O, GOODY! I JUST FOUND A PIECE OF THAT LEMON MERINGUE I MADE LAST SPRING!

COME, COME, NANCY, YOU'RE DELAYING MY ANNOUNCE-MENT!

OH, STOP PLAYING AND GET BUSY!

THE DEBRIS HAS BEEN CLEARED AWAY AND THE CLASS COMES TO ATTENTION.

...IN TWO WEEKS WE'LL HAVE A CAKE-BAKING CONTEST. FIRST PRIZE IS A $50 VICTORY BOND!

DO WE BAKE 'EM HERE OR AT HOME, MISS CARTER?

YOU'LL BAKE AT HOME AND YOU'LL BE ON YOUR HONOR TO HAVE NO HELP FROM ANYONE!

NOT EVEN THE FIRE DEPARTMENT FOR NANCY?

I BET I KNOW WHO MADE THAT CATTY REMARK ABOUT THE FIRE MEN!

WHY, NANCY, DEAR! I WAS ONLY THINKING OF YOUR SAFETY!

...AND I'LL BET MY CAKE COMES OUT BETTER THAN YOURS, HEDY WOLFE!

I'LL TAKE THAT BET... FOR $25!

JEEPERS! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY!

I WISH I HADN'T MADE THAT BET. I CAN'T BAKE... AND I DON'T HAVE $25... OH, DEAR!

$25 DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO HEDY! WE JUST HAVE TO BEAT HER!

THAT EVENING AFTER SUPPER...

... AND SHE BET $25, AND WE'RE ON OUR HONOR NOT TO HELP HER!

HEY! YOU CAN'T **HELP**, BUT YOU CAN **TEACH** HER!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND WE'VE GOT TWO WHOLE WEEKS!

GET ALL THE BEST COOKS TO HELP!

CALLING ALL COOKS!

CALLING ALL COOKS!

... AT MY HOUSE, RIGHT AFTER SCHOOL. BRING FLOUR AN' STUFF. 'BYE, JOSIE!

THAT'S EIGHT COOKING TEACHERS! NICE GOING, PATSY!

BUY VICTORY BONDS

AND NOW TO NOTIFY THE COOKING PUPIL

AND YOU'LL HAVE NINE COOKING TEACHERS, COUNTING ME!

THAT'S WONDERFUL, PATSY... OR **IS** IT?

SO EVERY AFTERNOON FOR THE NEXT WEEK...

JUST A LITTLE MORE SWEETOSE, NANCY.

IT SAYS HERE... 3/4 CUP OF SWEETOSE

THIS IS THE 324TH CAKE AND NONE OF 'EM A SUCCESS!

THIS ONE 'HAD BETTER BE... I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO COOK MR. WALKER A DINNER IN A WEEK!

AFTER THE OTHER GIRLS HAVE GONE...

"EXPERIMENT 325... THREE FOURTHS CUP OF SWEETOSE, 3 SQUARES OF CHOCOLATE..."

EIGHT MORE MINUTES AND WE'LL KNOW!

I DON'T DARE LOOK...I DON'T DARE LOOK!

BE BRAVE, LITTLE WOMAN... TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS! ...YIPES-LOOK!

SUCCESS!

IT'S WONDERFUL! I HOPE YOU'VE GOT THE RECIPE WRITTEN DOWN!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I BAKED THAT BEAUTIFUL THING!

A MAN CAN'T LIVE BY CAKE ALONE...AND THAT'S ALL I'VE HAD ALL WEEK!

BUT, POP, WE'VE MADE NANCY THE BEST CAKE-BAKER IN THE WORLD!

THREE SQUARES CHOCOLATE, 3/4 CUP SWEETOSE, ONE TEASPOON...

WHILE NANCY GLOATS OVER HER FIRST SUCCESSFUL CAKE...

BUT YOU CAN'T BAKE, HEPY! HOW CAN YOU BEAT NANCY?

YOU **ARE** NAIVE, AREN'T YOU?

YOU DON'T MEAN... BUT THAT'S DISHONEST!

YE MODERNE BAKERY SHOPPE IS STILL IN BUSINESS, ISN'T IT?

THE AFTERNOON BEFORE THE BIG CONTEST...

THIRTY SECONDS MORE AND WE'LL KNOW!

PLEASE BE A PRETTY CAKE, PLEASE BE A PRETTY CAKE!

ELSEWHERE ANOTHER CONTESTANT IS "BAKING" HER CAKE...

I'LL TAKE THAT ONE, MR. GLUGMIRE. SEND IT TO MY HOUSE TONIGHT.

YE MODERNE BAKERY SHOPPE

YES, MISS WOLFE!

HM...MM_KNOWING HEDY AND PUTTING 2 AND 3 TOGETHER...

YE MODERNE BAKERY SHOPPE

MEANWHILE, NANCY'S CAKE IS PUT INTO SAFE-KEEPING...

YOU'RE SURE BURGLARS OR SOMETHING WON'T GET IT?

STOP WORRYING, CHAMP YOUR CAKE'S SAFE!

HOW'S ABOUT A MOVIE TO RELAX, PATSY, AND... ER... CAKE CHAMP?

THAT'S FOR US!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEY, PATSY! (PUFF... PUFF) WAIT A MINUTE!

AND IS HE EXCITED ABOUT SOMETHING!

THAT'S MICKEY!

...BUT I SAW HER AT THE BAKERY SHOP!

BUT IF SHE DID CHEAT... COULD WE PROVE IT?

WELL THAT DOESN'T MEAN SHE'D CHEAT!

COMES A NEW DAY...AND THE BIG CAKE CONTEST!

DRIVE MORE SLOWLY, POP, THIS CAKE IS WORTH $25... MAYBE!

AND A VICTORY BOND, ...MAYBE!

THE JUDGES WILL SOON BEGIN...

GOSH! HERS IS AS BIG AS A HOUSE!

SIZE DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. IT'S THE QUALITY THAT COUNTS!

NANCY BROWN

PATSY WALKER

THIS MAKES YOUR LITTLE OLD CAKE LOOK SICK, DOESN'T IT?

MAY THE BEST CAKE WIN!

THE JUDGING STARTS! AND LOOK WHO'S ONE OF THE OFFICIALS!

MR. GLUGMIRE! HE'S AN EXPERT BAKER. HE WON'T EVEN LOOK AT MY CAKE!

DOLEFUL DISASTERS! MR. GLUGMIRE! HE'LL REMEMBER THIS CAKE I BOUGHT!

NANCY BROWN

PATSY WALKER

HEDY WOLFE

LAUREN JONES

SO, MISS WOLFE, THIS IS THE LITTLE CAKE YOU BAKED ALL BY YOURSELF ?

JEEPERS, MR. GLUGMIRE, IT'S JUST A LITTLE JOKE, HA! HA!

WHY, THE LITTLE...

SHE REALLY BAKED IT HERSELF, MR. GLUGMIRE !

IS IT GOOD, MR. GLUGMIRE ?

IT'S SO GOOD THAT YOU CAN BE A BAKER FOR ME IF YOU WISH... FIRST PRIZE !

I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY !

I'LL SAY IT. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, BUT IT WAS WONDERFUL !

TWENTY-FOUR TWENTY-FIVE, AND YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED TO TAKE IT !

I'M NOT...I'M GIVING IT TO THE RED CROSS !

ONCE A SUCCESSFUL COOK, ALWAYS A SUCCESSFUL COOK...

EXCEPT NANCY !

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP, NANCY ?

WHO, ME ? NO MA'AM ! I'M THE BEST CAKE-BAKER IN THE WORLD... SOMETIMES !

THE END

Patsy Walker

AND NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THE LADY IN THE STREET HAS TO SAY.

WELL... EVER SINCE I BECAME PRACTICALLY AN ADULT...

STATION XVI

A-267

AREN'T PEOPLE ON QUIZ PROGRAMS THE DUMBEST PEOPLE EVER !?

MISS GOOTZ, IS TRUMAN A BACHELOR, A CIGAR, OR A PRESIDENT?

-ER, ER, LESSEE NOW- HOW DO YOU SPELL IT?

BROTHER! IS SHE DUMB! PRESIDENT, PRESIDENT, PRESIDENT!

MISS GOOTZ, IS NEW JERSEY A SWEATER OR A STATE?

IT'S A STATE, A STATE, A STATE!

EENY, MEENY... GEE, YOU'RE SMART, PATSY... MINEY, MOE!

AND FOR YOUR TROUBLE, MISS GOOTZ, A $100 DOLLAR BILL... A 36 PIECE DINNER SET...

EXHIBITIONIST.' I WOULDN'T MAKE A SHOW OF MYSELF FOR...

BUT THINK OF ALL THE CANDY $100 WOULD BUY!

IF POP'S IN A GOOD MOOD I'LL GET $1.00 FOR THE MOVIES.

MAKE IT $2.00. I'LL BE STARVING FOR A BANANA SPLIT AFTER A DOUBLE FEATURE.

...THE CUBE ROOT OF 19,683 IS 27!

THANK YOU, MISS HEDY WOLFE!

WELL, OF ALL THE SHOWOFFS! POP, LEND ME A DOLLAR OR TWO?

HEDY'S PRETTY SMART... CUBE ROOT OF 19,683! —TWO DOLLARS DO, SWEETIE PIE?

SMART, MY EYE! WE HAD THAT PROBLEM IN CLASS YESTERDAY.

HEDY ISN'T THAT SMART... SHE MUST HAVE PLANTED THAT QUESTION HERSELF.

IMAGINE HEDY KNOWING THE CUBE ROOT OF ANYTHING.

I DON'T WANT TO BE CATTY, BUT ANYONE WHO GOES ON RADIO QUIZ PROGRAMS IS A SHOWOFF.

I HEARTILY CONCUR, ESPECIALLY ABOUT HEDY... HEY— LOOK!

ADULTS 50¢ CHILDREN 25¢

HMM...LOOK WHO'S WITH WHOM..

SO I SAID .27 IS THE CUBE ROOT OF... OH, HELLO, PATSY!

AND YOU WON A HUNDRED DOLLARS?

HELLO, QUIZ QUEEN. HELLO, MR. BAXTER!

MY PRIZE MONEY WILL PAY FOR EVERYONE.

THANK YOU, QUIZ QUEEN!

SHH! DON'T GET HER MAD. WE CAN USE THE MONEY FOR BANANA-YOU-KNOWS!

WATCH THIS COMMANDO STUFF, FOLKS.

HOW ABOUT IN HERE?

REMEMBER OUR JIU JITSU LESSONS?

OH, NO, NANCY, NO!

WHAT TH-?

PSST! NOT A PEEP OUT OF YOU- UP THE STAIRS!

MEANWHILE, THE UNSUSPECTING HEDY...

FOUR SEATS, WELL BACK AND IN THE CENTER

WE DON'T GOT NO RESERVED SEATS FOR NOBODY...

EEKS! I'VE BEEN STOOD UP! IT'S OUTRAGEOUS, THE UNGRATEFUL...

WHILE UPSTAIRS...THE KIDNAPPED MR. BAXTER...

LEGGO! I'M WITH HEDY, AND...

ONE MORE PEEP AND I'LL SCREAM THAT YOU MOLESTED ME, YOU MASHER!

BUT, NANCY, WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?

SIT STILL OR I'LL YELL MY HEAD OFF!

WHAT'S SHE SO RUGGED ABOUT?

I DON'T THINK SHE LIKES YOUR FRIEND HEDY!

AND THE DESERTED HEDY...

YOU HAVE MR. BAXTER PAGED, OR I'LL...

I KNOW! YOUR FATHER'S BANK WILL CALL MY LOAN, AND...

MANAGER

GOSH, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

MR. BAXTER WILL COME TO MY OFFICE, PLEASE.

WE'LL GO WITH YOU.

YOU WANT ME, HEDY?

YES, YOU WORM— TAKE THIS!!

WH... UH, HEDY! WATCH PRETTY JIU JITSU!

DON'T YOU DARE...DON'T YOU— YIPES!!

THERE! I'VE DONE IT AND I'M GLAD!

NANCY BROWN, YOU'RE A REGULAR LITTLE TOUGHIE TODAY!

WHUD!

HOW DARE YOU, NANCY?

BECAUSE YOU CHEATED TO WIN THAT $100 AND I KNOW IT!

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT SHE CHEATED?

YES, NANCY, HOW?

WELL, I'M NOT SURE, BUT ANYWAY I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO SHOW OFF ON THE RADIO.

WHY DON'T YOU LIKE PEOPLE WHO SHOW OFF ON THE RADIO, NANCY?

PATSY SAID THEY WERE EXHIBITIONISTS, AND IT'S TRUE!

PATSY ALWAYS KNOWS WHAT'S RIGHT AND WRONG. SHE'S NO EXHIBITIONIST.

I WISH MY PALS WOULD STICK BY ME LIKE THAT.

IT'S ALMOST A LITTLE EMBARASSING.

BUT I KNOW YOU'RE NO SHOWOFF, PATSY!

IN VIEW OF THESE SENTIMENTS, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS SURPRISING...

EACH DAY 5 PERSONS ARE INTERVIEWED...TODAY, OUR QUESTION: IS MARRIAGE A FAD? OH, MISS!

XVI

(GULP) WHO, ME?

YES, YOU! STEP UP TO THE MICROPHONE.

CEASE! STOP! I WILL NOT MAKE AN EXHIBITIONIST OF MYSELF!

TELL ME, NANCY BROWN...IS IT MISS OR MISSUS, DO YOU THINK MARRIAGE IS A FAD?

TEEHEE! **MISS** BROWN, AND I'M TOO NERVOUS TO SAY A WORD.

...SO I THINK MARRIAGE IS VERY SACRED AND LIKE THAT, WHILE A FAD IS SOMETHING PASSING, BUT WHEN A PERSON GETS MARRIED IT IS FOR GOOD...FOR GOODER OR WORSER...TEEHEE, AND PEOPLE WHO TALK ON RADIOS SHOULD HAVE MORE SENSE, ETC, ETC...

CAN'T SAY A WORD, EH?

MISS BROWN WINS AND IS INVITED TO TAKE PART IN OUR JACKPOT QUIZ AT STATION XVI TONIGHT FOR $500.

I WON'T DO IT. I'M NO EXHIBITIONIST!

NEVER AGAIN! NOT EVEN FOR $500!

YOU'RE CERTAINLY TRUE TO YOUR PRINCIPLES, NANCY.

I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL, NANCY.

I'LL BE OVER AT YOUR HOUSE AT 7:30, PATSY.

SO LONG, BUZZ!

AND DON'T EXPECT TO HEAR **ME** ON THE RADIO.

BUS STOP

SO AT 7:30...THE SAME NIGHT...

LET'S SEE IF THERE'S A LITTLE MUSIC.

NO! LET'S LISTEN TO THE RADIO QUIZ JACKPOT SHOW.

NO, NO, IT CAN'T BE! NOT OUR NON-SHOWOFF NANCY BROWN!

...MY FRIEND PATSY WALKER THINKS MARRIAGE IS MORE OR LESS PERMANENT, TOO, LIKE I SAID IN THE $13.50 QUESTION EARLIER...

THANK YOU, MISS BROWN

SO WHEN THE PROGRAM IS OVER...

REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID TO HEDY?

FOR BEING A RADIO SHOWOFF...

NOW, LISTEN, FELLERS, I CAN EXPLAIN.

STUDIO B

I'VE BEEN HORSEBACK RIDING...AND DON'T YOU READERS DARE SAY THAT BUZZ AND PATSY SPANKED ME!

THE END

"A DATE FOR PATSY"

"I'M SO MAD I could scream," said Patsy vehemently.

She and her boy friend Buzz were walking down Cedar Street on the way home from school. Buzz was carrying her books, swinging them on a strap with his free hand. Patsy disengaged her own hand from his.

"I think that's about the meanest trick you could play on anyone," Patsy said. "You know that we've been practicing for this dance for weeks. All my Saturday nights. And when we could have been dating at the ice cream parlor."

"I know," Buzz agreed mournfully. "But what can I do? Dad and Mom are going out of town. Some kind of a business trip, and I've got to go along."

"Parents are so unreasonable," Patsy said. "The trouble with you is you haven't got yours trained right."

Buzz said nothing in reply. It was apparent by now that Patsy was determined, as usual, to place the blame on him. Not that she didn't have good reason to be angry. They had been looking forward to the Junior Ball all season. The entertainment committee had even arranged to have Julio Demarest, the famous adagio dancer, make a guest appearance. Everybody in town knew what that meant; even the staid old people who had never heard of Frank Sinatra had heard of Julio Demarest.

Of course what made the evening most important in Patsy Walker's young life was the fact that her rival, Hedy Wolfe, was being squired to the Ball by a new boy friend, and the rumor grapevine already was humming with the news that he was something out of this world.

"Jeepers," Buzz said, "I hate to go out of town with you feeling this way, Patsy. You'd think I was a criminal – or something."

"You practically are," Patsy answered. "You've killed all chance of my going to the Ball. I simply won't go and let that awful Hedy lord it over me."

Patsy sighed. She put on a tender, wistful expression, the kind that Buzzy was most vulnerable to.

"The least you might have done is to find someone else to take me," she pouted. "After all, I've given the best weeks of my life to you, and it's shameful to cast me aside this way now."

Buzz groaned. Life was becoming more difficult for him by the moment. He couldn't meet Patsy's eyes, and his gaze wandered across the street. At this particular moment Jimmy Lawson, head of the school entertainment committee, drove by in his father's car. Two boys were in the front seat with him.

"Oohh," Patsy exclaimed. "Look at the dream boat!"

"Who's that?"

"The one in the front seat with Jimmy Lawson, you idiot. He's simply terrific!"

Buzz followed her gaze. Sometimes, he thought, Patsy's taste in men struck him as a little peculiar to say the least, with one notable exception—himself. The boy next to Jimmy Lawson in the front seat of his red roadster was thin and scrawny, with a mop of black hair that kept falling in his eyes. He looked like a fugitive from a starvation diet.

Suddenly a brilliant inspiration came to Buzzy. Why not arrange for this weird-looking character to take Patsy to the dance? That would get him back into her good graces, and at the same time not take any chances with the future. After all, Buzzy had invested a good deal of time and trouble in persuading Patsy to become his regular girl and he wasn't signing over his interest to any really dangerous rival. But he couldn't really believe that Patsy would be interested in *that* drip.

Suiting the thought to the action, Buzzy shouted after the car as it was turning a corner. Then he raced ahead and came up, panting, beside Jimmy Lawson.

"Want to see me?" Jimmy asked.

"Yeah," said Buzz, breathlessly. "You got to do me a favor, chum. I'm in a terrible spot!" And, leaning over, he whispered a few swift words into Jimmy Lawson's ear.

"Are you kidding?" Jimmy asked. "Why should I?"

"Remember that time we were playing baseball last summer and broke old man Dowling's window? Remember how I took the rap for that? Remember when . . ."

"Okay, okay," Jimmy broke in hurriedly. "It's a deal! I'll ask my friend to take Patsy to the dance, but frankly—I don't get it!"

"You don't have to," Buzz retorted. "Just do what I tell you."

* * *

Saturday night found Patsy in front of her dressing table mirror, eyes aglow as she put the finishing touches on her makeup. Surely, thought Patsy, her escort for the evening would fall like a ton of bricks for her new blue evening dress.

"And he's so handsome, too," Patsy said aloud. "Those great big brown eyes and that silky blonde hair . . . yummy! And I just know he's a terrific athlete with those great big broad shoulders of his!"

At that very moment, the door bell rang. Patsy's heart leaped into her throat. Gathering up her evening purse, she made a dive for the staircase, and then sauntered down slowly and gracefully when she heard voices from the living room and realized that her escort had already been admitted. Her mother met her at the door with a beaming smile.

"Oh, I *like* your young man," said Patsy's mother. "He's so different from the other boys. He's so charming and intelligent even if he's not very—good-looking!"

"Not good-looking?" Patsy asked in astonishment. "Why, mother, how can you say such a thing?"

In the next instant, Patsy understood all. This scrawny-looking droop on the sofa; surely he was not the same fellow she had seen this afternoon! Then she realized where she'd seen him before. There had been *two* men with Jimmy Lawson in the car. Naturally Buzz had chosen the wrong one!

"Miss Patsy Walker, I presume," said the scrawny young man, rising from the sofa, "My name is . . ."

"Oh never mind," said Patsy. "It doesn't really matter!"

* * *

Nothing really mattered. The whole affair was a horror, to Patsy's way of thinking. First there was that dreadful Hedy Wolfe—showing up with *her* dreamboat—the beautiful blonde character she'd seen in Jimmy Lawson's car. Then, to make things even more unbearable, her escort didn't even dance. Not once, the whole evening. They just sat on the sidelines and talked, and Patsy couldn't bear the superior glances Hedy threw at her each time she danced by.

Just when Patsy decided that everything was too, too hopeless, they announced the big event of the evening, a special dancing contest in which Julio Demarest would himself appear.

Enough is enough," said Patsy defiantly. "I'm going home."

After all, no one could expect her to appear on a dance floor with the famous Julio Demarest anywhere near, especially when her partner was this hunk of human salvage.

She saw Hedy Wolfe throw a last, pitying glance in her direction. Patsy replied with a defiant toss of her head. Then she felt the scrawny one's arm about her waist, and magically they glided out onto the dance floor. It was not half so bad as Patsy expected. Really not bad at all. Rather fun, in fact.

Through the dim glow of ballroom lights a sudden bright glare fixed upon them. It was a spotlight. Then a voice boomed over the loudspeaker, "Ladies and gentlemen—presenting the one and only Julio Demarest!"

Patsy whirled about to get a better look. But no one else was dancing. No one at all. And everybody in the place was looking at her. Hedy Wolfe was turning a sinister shade of green.

And then Patsy got it. She was dancing with Julio Demarest! This wonderfully slender, graceful, agile, altogether charming young man was the guest star at the ball. And she was his partner, basking in his reflected glory. She'd never forget this night. And neither would Hedy Wolfe. Patsy would see to that.

Patsy rested her head on Julio's shoulder. They danced on pink clouds of enchantment.

"Dear—dear Buzz," Patsy thought.

Patsy Walker

POLICE DEPARTMENT? WILL YOU PLEASE RAID MY HOUSE? THERE'S A DISTURBANCE GOING ON HERE!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

"WHEEDLE" WEBSTER SAYS, MEANS TO ENTICE WITH FLATTERING WORDS; CAJOLE, COAX.

YOU LOOK YOUNGER EVERY DAY, POP!

YOUR APPROACH REMINDS ME OF YOUR MOTHER'S! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

I JUST WANT TO HAVE ANOTHER PARTY HERE FOR THE KIDS...

NO! NO! NO—! I REMEMBER LAST TIME. THE NEIGHBORS COMPLAINED, THE POLICE...

MR. WALKER HAS SAID 'NO'...BUT MAYBE...

YOU LOOK TERRIBLY DOWNCAST, DEAR! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

GLOOM

POP SAYS I CAN'T HAVE A PARTY AND HEDY WOLFE IS HAVING ONE AND...

I'LL SPEAK TO YOUR FATHER!

NO!

WELL, THAT, AS THE SAYING GOES, IS THAT... BUT DEFINITELY!

...AND HE SAYS I CAN'T HAVE A PARTY...SO HEDY WILL HAVE BUZZ AT HERS!

IT'S JUST TOO...TOO GHASTLY, BUT EERIE, TOO.

MEN ARE SO DIFFICULT. BUT DON'T GIVE UP, PATSY...HE MAY GIVE IN!

BUT HE SAID "NO" LIKE HE DIDN'T MEAN "MAYBE"!

STILL "NO", PATSY!

STILL "NO", MOTHER!?

COMES UNHAPPY MORN IN THE WALKER HOUSEHOLD...

ONCE AND FOR ALL, WE WILL NOT HAVE A PARTY! I REMEMBER THE LAST BRAWL TOO WELL!

SNIFFLE! SNIFFLE!

SNIFFLE! STANLEY WALKER, YOU ARE A CRUEL FATHER! INHUMAN!

CRUEL...! INHUMAN! THAT'S THE THANKS I...HEY, JOE! RIDE INTO TOWN?

I TELL YOU, JOE, WOMEN ARE UNPREDICTABLE! JUST BECAUSE I SAID "NO" TO A NOISY KID'S PARTY...

I KNOW, STAN. MY WIFE AND KIDS DIDN'T SPEAK TO ME FOR A MONTH WHEN...

CRUEL, EH? MY WIFE LOCKED ME OUT FOR A WEEK WHEN I REFUSED...

SOMETIMES I THINK I SHOULD HAVE STAYED SINGLE!

MR. WALKER

"REFUSED NEW HAT, WIFE ASKS DIVORCE"

HUH?... WELL, I STILL WON'T ALLOW IT!

MY MOTHER WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU, STANLEY WALKER!

WON'T ANYBODY TALK TO ME?

I WILL, POP. US MEN GOTTA STICK TOGETHER.

SOB! SOB!

MEANWHILE HEDY IS DOING A LITTLE FIRST CLASS GLOATING...

...SO MR. WALKER REFUSED AND PATSY CAN'T HAVE A PARTY

EXCELLENT, DAUGHTER, EXCELLENT!

AND I'LL HAVE BUZZ BAXTER!

I'LL KID STAN WALKER TO DEATH, THE CHEAPSKATE!

SO NEXT DAY...

SORRY TO HEAR OF YOUR FINANCIAL REVERSES...CAN'T AFFORD A PARTY FOR PATSY, EH?

IT ISN'T THE MONEY. IT'S THE NOISE...CAN'T STAND PARTIES!

WELL, IF YOU REALLY NEED MONEY, SEE MY BANK!

WHY...! HE THINKS I'M BROKE! ...I'LL SHOW HIM!

SO HIS FIRST DUTY FOR THE DAY...

CLUB 21¾?... I WANT TO RENT THE ENTIRE CLUB FOR MY DAUGHTER...

MAIS OUI MONSIEUR!

NOW LET'S SEE WHERE WE STAND...

1. PATSY'S GOING TO HAVE A PARTY AT THE CLUB 21¾ BUT SHE DOESN'T KNOW IT.

2. HEDY THINKS SHE'LL HAVE BUZZ TO HERSELF AT HER PARTY.

3. MR. WALKER IS WORRIED ABOUT TELLING MRS. WALKER AND PATSY HE'S CHANGED HIS MIND WITHOUT... AS THE JAPS SAY... LOSING FACE.

4. NOW LET'S GET ON WITH IT!

HERE COMES THE BIG NEWS . . .

I THINK THE PROPER PLACE FOR PARTIES IS IN CLUBS . . .

. . . AND TO THINK THE FATHER OF MY CHILDREN . . . SNIFFLE !!

I WISH I'D NEVER BEEN BORN !

. . . SO I'VE HIRED THE CLUB 21 3/4 FOR PATSY'S PARTY !

WHY, YOU DEAR, LOVELY, KIND-HEARTED MAN !

NEWS OF PATSY'S PARTY SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE ! . . . AND AS HEDY PREPARES FOR HER PARTY . . .

PUFF ! PUFF ! PATSY'S FATHER HAS HIRED THE CLUB 21 3/4 !

EEK ! THIS WILL RUIN ME SOCIALLY ! FATHER MUST STOP IT !

HM ! . . . DIRTY WORK —

YOU WILL CANCEL MR. WALKER'S RESERVATION OR MY BANK WILL . . . UNDERSTAND ?

OUI MONSIEUR ! SHE IS CANCELLED !

CANCELLED ! IT'S AN OUTRAGE !

THAT'S FINAL, MONSIEUR. MY FEETS THEY ARE TIED BY MONSIEUR, WOLFE !

LIKE AN AVENGER, NANCY BROWN SPREADS THE NEWS OF MR. WOLFE'S EVIL-DOING.

HEY, GIRLS, MR. WOLFE, PST, PST... PATSY, PST...

IT'S UTTERLY SCANDALOUS...

SOON THE WHOLE TOWN KNOWS ABOUT IT...!

AND, BUZZ... PST, PST... HEDY, PST, PST... MR. WOLFE...

THAT'S ROTTEN! LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

MEANWHILE, PATSY HAS HEARD THE BAD NEWS BUT TAKES IT BRAVELY!

IT ISN'T YOUR FAULT, POP, YOU WERE WONDERFUL!

WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON MR. WOLFE, GRR!

BUT PATSY'S FRIENDS ARE RALLYING TO HER CAUSE...

DON'T CUT RUGS IN THE CLUB — 21 3/4

PIERRE IS UNFAIR TO PATSY

PIERRE IS UNFAIR

YOU GOT ME INTO THIS, YOUNG LADY... NOW GET ME OUT OF IT!

LOOK AT BUZZ BAXTER! I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN... OR WILL I?

MR. WOLFE IS UNFAIR!

GIVE 'EM THE CLUB! TELL 'EM IT'S FREE, BUT CALL OFF THESE KIDS! THEY'RE DISGRACING ME!

I, PIERRE, THANK YOU, MR. WOLFE!

YOU ARE CRUEL AND INHUMAN, FATHER!

COMES THE NIGHT OF PATSY'S PARTY AND SLEEK MOTOR CARS BRING THE GUESTS!

ISN'T IT JUST THRILLING, BUZZ?

NOT AS THRILLING AS JUST LOOKING AT YOU, MADAMOISELLE!

M'SIEUR, MADAMOISELLE, BON SOIR!

CLUB 21 3/4

AND MR. WOLFE IS HAVING GUESTS, TOO.

YOU STAY IN YOUR ROOM, YOUNG LADY!

I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!

MR. AND MRS. WALKER ARE CALLING, SIR!

HELLO, MRS. WALKER. HELLO, STANLEY!

NOW, STANLEY... REMEMBER, YOU PROMISED!

WELL, MR. WALKER SAID HE'D LIKE TO GET HIS HANDS ON MR. WOLFE!

NOT WITH THE VASE, STANLEY!

NOW, STAN, BE REASONABLE!

KEE-RACK!

IT MAY NOT SOUND LADYLIKE, BUT I WISH I'D SEEN POP HIT MR. WOLFE WITH THAT VASE!

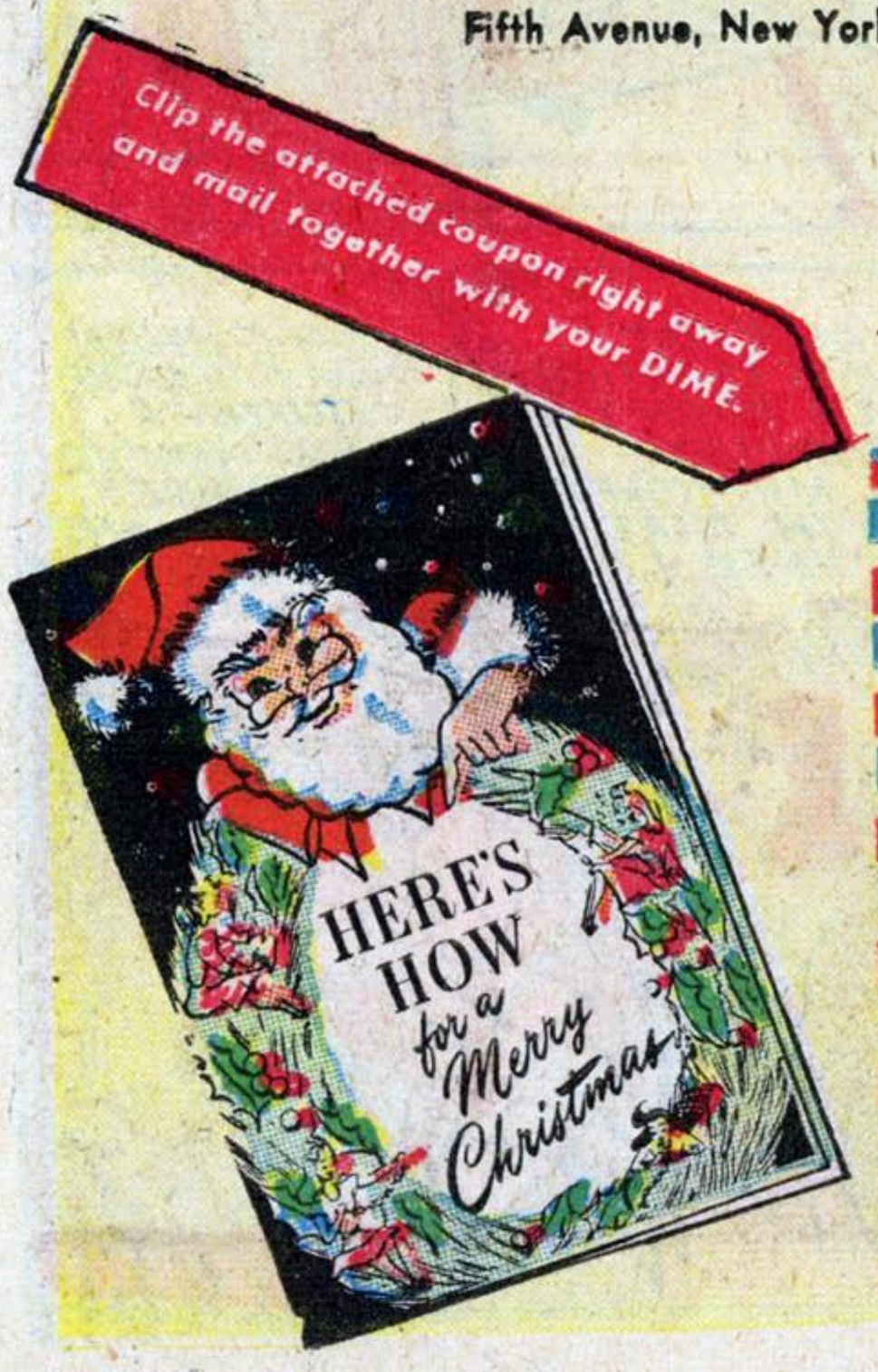
NOW I KNOW WHY YOU'RE QUITE A GIRL... YOU'VE GOT QUITE A POP... AND MOM!

THE END

CHRISTMAS CREATIONS

by You

A simply wonderful collection of wonderfully simple ideas for Christmas gifts for everybody . . . Tricky trinkets—bracelets, necklaces, rings, lapel pins, earrings . . . Enhancing hairbands, combs, barrettes . . . Dandy doo-dads and handy gadgets—scuffs and belts, trays and vases, sewing kits, waste paper baskets, notepaper, and just heaps of things . . . Delicious, nutritious recipes for cookies and cakes . . . And a joyful jubilee of gala mixin's with fun-derful games and party fixin's . . . to make this year's celebration the best ever! . . . Make all these gifts yourself out of tiny bits and pieces . . . Pretty, practical presents for all, at a cost so small it's just nothing at all . . . And all in this "nifty notion" Christmas booklet, bright and shiny in a gay holiday wrapping . . . With lifelike colored illustrations to guide you . . . And a special section to list all the stockings you've filled and the gifts you've put into them—a permanent record of everyone you play Santa to in 1945 . . . This festive booklet is published by MISS AMERICA Magazine from the overflow of suggestions from the "Miss America Speaks" column . . . Send for your copy NOW . . . "Here's How For A Merry Christmas" . . . Only 10c . . . Mail your dime TODAY to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. B-K, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



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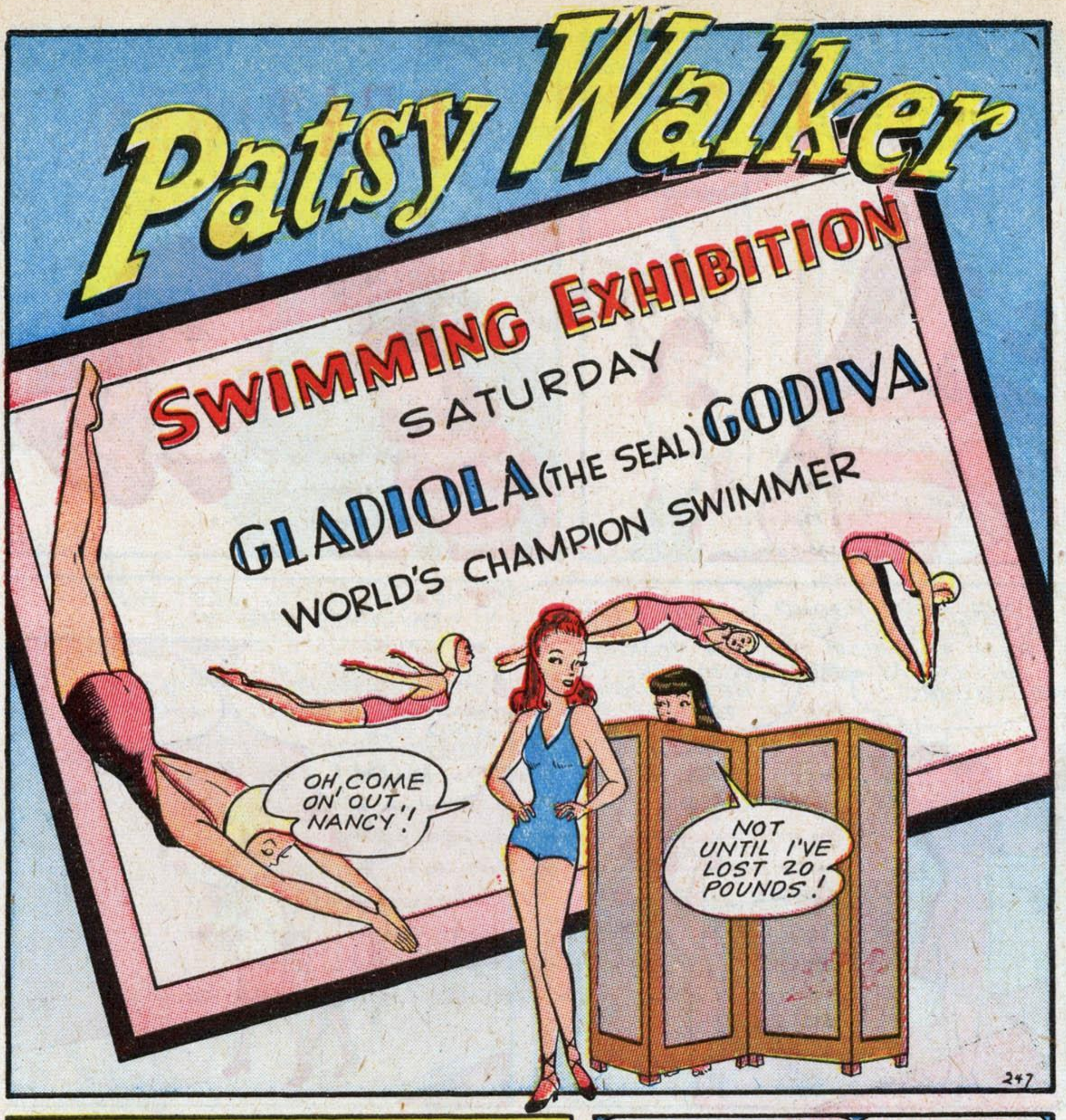
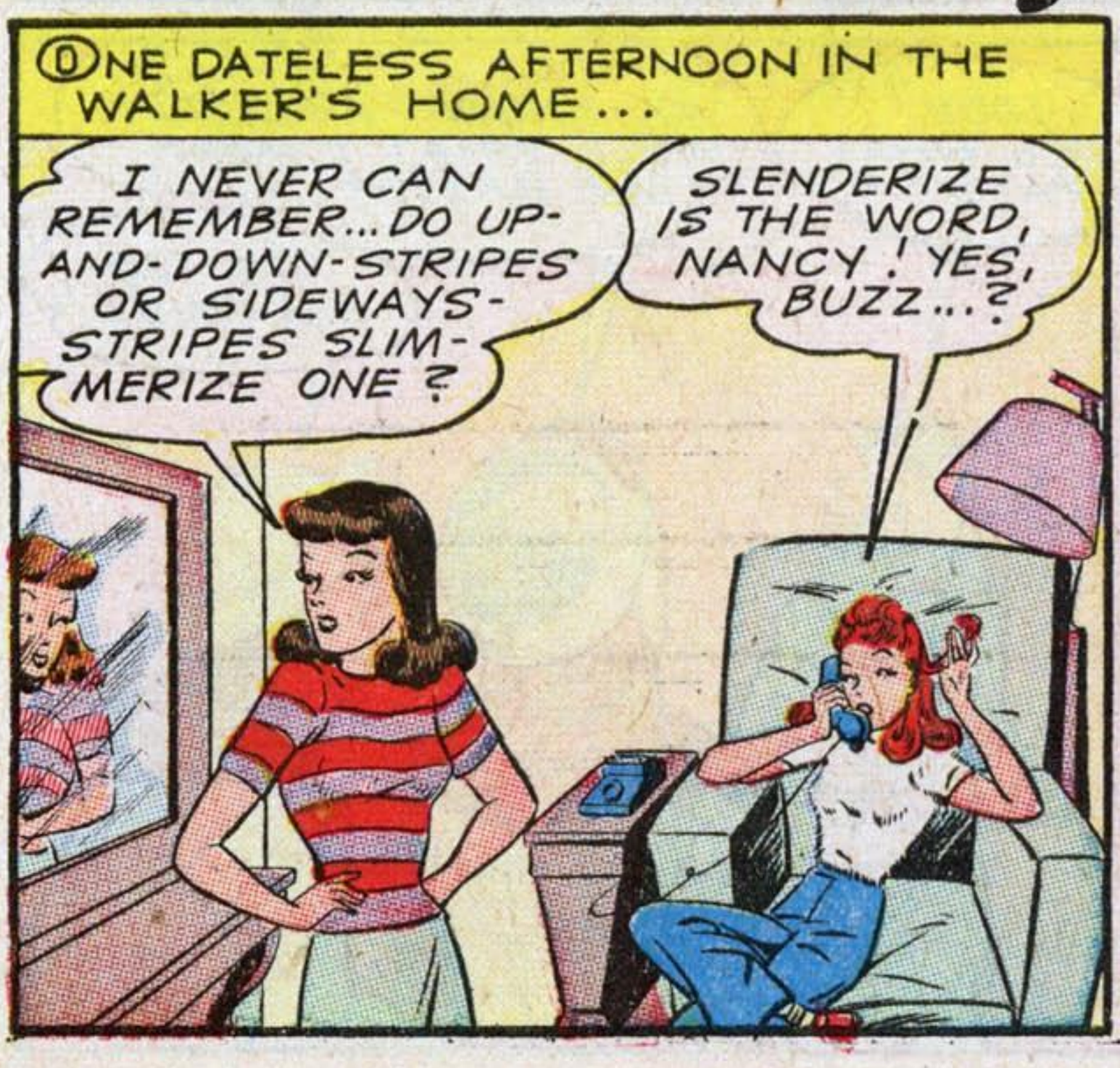
Patsy Walker




ONE DATELESS AFTERNOON IN THE WALKER'S HOME...
I NEVER CAN REMEMBER... DO UP-AND-DOWN-STRIPES OR SIDEWAYS-STRIPES SLIM-MERIZE ONE?
SLENDERIZE IS THE WORD, NANCY! YES, BUZZ...?

...ER... WOULD YOU AND NANCY LIKE TO SEE THE SWIMMING EXHIBITION TONIGHT?
SURE, BUZZ, WE LOVE THOSE BIG, WIDE SHOULDERS THOSE SWIMMERS HAVE!

JEEPERS, I'M WIDE! IS THAT SWIMMING SHOW AT THE "Y"?

THAT'S THE ONE... I LOVE TO WATCH MEN SWIMMERS!

MEN SWIMMERS? IT'S GLADIOLA GODIVA WHO'S THE STAR!

WELL, OF ALL THE N'ERVE! WHAT'S ON BUZZ'S MIND!

ONE MORE POUND AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO WEAR ANY OF MY CLOTHES!

WHY THIS SUDDEN INTEREST IN WOMEN SWIMMERS? BUZZ NEVER USED TO LIKE 'EM!

THEY'RE OFF TO MEET BUZZ OUTSIDE THE "Y"—!

IF I'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT GLADIOLA GODIVA **AND** HEDY WOLFE... I'LL, ... **HUH!**

PATSY, L-O-O-K!

BUZZ BAXTER! HOW DARE YOU LOOK AT THAT WOMAN LIKE THAT?

SWIM EXHIBITION

TO-NITE

LOOK LIKE WHAT, PATSY?

YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WHAT I MEAN, MR. BAXTER!

YES, YOU BIGAMIST!

AND NOW A QUADRUPLE GAINOR BY MISS GODIVA !

I HOPE SHE BREAKS HER... NO! THAT ISN'T LADY-LIKE.

TO EXECUTE THE GAINOR, THE WEIGHT IS SHIFTED TO THE TOES...

WOW!

BUZZ BAXTER, GIVE ME THOSE OGLE GLASSES !

THE EXHIBITION HAS ENDED...

WASN'T SHE WONDERFUL ?

YOU MAY TAKE ME HOME MR. BAXTER !

HELLOOH, PATSY ! BUZZ SEEMED AWFULLY INTERESTED IN GLADIOLA'S...ER, ... SWIMMING, DIDN'T HE ?

GOODNIGHT, MR. BAXTER ! THANKS FOR A VERY UNLOVELY TIME !

AW, HEDY !

LET'S GO, PATSY !

TROUBLE, TROUBLE, BOIL AND BUBBLE, SOMEBODY ONCE SAID!

...AND I HEAR MISS GODIVA PLANS TO MAKE HER HOME HERE IN TOWN!

???

???

PATSY SEEMS PRETTY UPSET OVER THE WHOLE MATTER.

IF BUZZ LIKES SWIMMERS, WHY NOT LEARN TO BE THE BEST IN TOWN?

YOU'RE HEAPS BETTER LOOKING THAN THAT OLD CODFISH!

DO YOU REALLY THINK... NANCY, WE'LL START SWIMMING LESSONS TOMORROW!

BUT I DON'T WANT SWIMMING LESSON: I LOOK AWFUL IN BATHING SUITS.

SO THE VERY NEXT AFTERNOON...

LESSONS? NOT FOR YOU, FATTY NOT UNTIL YOU LOSE SOME OF THAT LARD!

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M THE EXACT WEIGHT FOR MY HEIGHT!

...AND DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU'VE MELTED OFF 20 POUNDS!

STEAM CABINETS

SO PATSY'S LESSONS BEGIN...

HIGHER WITH THE ELBOWS, HIGHER!!

BUT... GLUG... I'M EXHAUSTED!

AND WHILE PATSY LEARNS, NANCY BURNS!

DO YOU WANT MY DEATH ON YOUR HANDS?

YOU WON'T DIE... YOU'LL JUST FRY... HEH, HEH!

THE FIRST DAY'S LESSON ... AND REDUCING ... ARE OVER ...

YIPPEE! 124! I'VE LOST A POUND AND A HALF!

THE INSTRUCTOR SAID THAT A MONTH MORE AND I'D BE GOOD!

JUST ONE SODA, PATSY! I'M REALLY STARVED!

JUST ONE! AND DON'T YOU DARE BE NICE TO THAT BIGAMIST, MR. BAXTER!

HIYA, PATSY, WHAT'LL IT BE?

A TRIPLE BANANA-SPLIT, MR. BAXTER!

TELL MR. BAXTER A CHOCOLATE SODA FOR ME. I'M NOT SPEAKING TO HIM ... THE ROUE!

WHY THE CHILL? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

MISS WALKER WISHES ME TO SAY THAT SHE DOES NOT ADMIRE YOUR TASTE IN SWIMMERS, MR. BAXTER!

ONE MUST BE CAREFUL OF ONE'S COMPANY! LET US FIND A BOOTH, NANCY.

...AND WON'T A CERTAIN PARTY BE AMAZED WHEN HE LEARNS THAT OTHER PARTIES SWIM BETTER THAN GLADIOLA GODIVA!

I STILL DON'T GET THE ACT?

I'M 128! I'M FATTER THAN EVER!

ASK MR. BAXTER FOR OUR CHECK, NANCY.

TIME MARCHES ON... AND SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

CLAP! CLAP!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE HEDY WOLFE!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! BUZZ ISN'T INTERESTED IN SWIMMING!

THEN WHAT IS MR. BAXTER INTERESTED IN, MISS WOLFE?

MISS GODIVA! HE'S AT HER HOME EVERY EVENING!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

HEDY SAYS BUZZ SPENDS EVERY EVENING AT THAT AWFUL WOMAN'S HOME!

PLEASE LET ME OUT! I'M DYING! WHAT'S THAT, PATSY?

LOVE STORY

THAT CRADLE ROBBER! THAT OLD WOMAN MUST BE 23 AT LEAST!

AND LOOKS IT TOO!

I'D LIKE TO GIVE HER A PIECE OF MY MIND, THE... THE HOME-WRECKER!

WELL, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, THERE SHE IS!

PATSY HAS GIVEN HER RIVAL A PIECE OF HER MIND, AND...
YOU THEENK I STEAL YOUR BUZZ BOY, EH ?
WELL, I'M NOT SURE...
WELL, I'M SURE, YOU HEART-BREAKER!
YOU COME TO MY HOUSE AT "HATE" O'CLOCK TO SEE FOR YOURSELF, NO ?
WE COME TO YOUR HOUSE AT "HATE" O'CLOCK, YES !
I DON'T KNOW...
SO AT "HATE" O'CLOCK...
MY GOODNESS !
AND TO THINK OF THE HOURS I SPENT GETTING THIN TO LEARN TO SWIM !
YOU WATCH THE TWEENS WHILE I GO FOR TO HELP MY HUSBAND TEACH SWIM-MING, NO ?
I WATCH THE TWINS, YES ! THAT'S WHAT YOU PAY ME FOR !
I'D LOVE TO TEACH YOU TO SWIM, PATSY !
THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TAKE LESSONS .
OH, BROTHER ! WHAT A LINE WE WOMEN HAVE !
THE END

Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!

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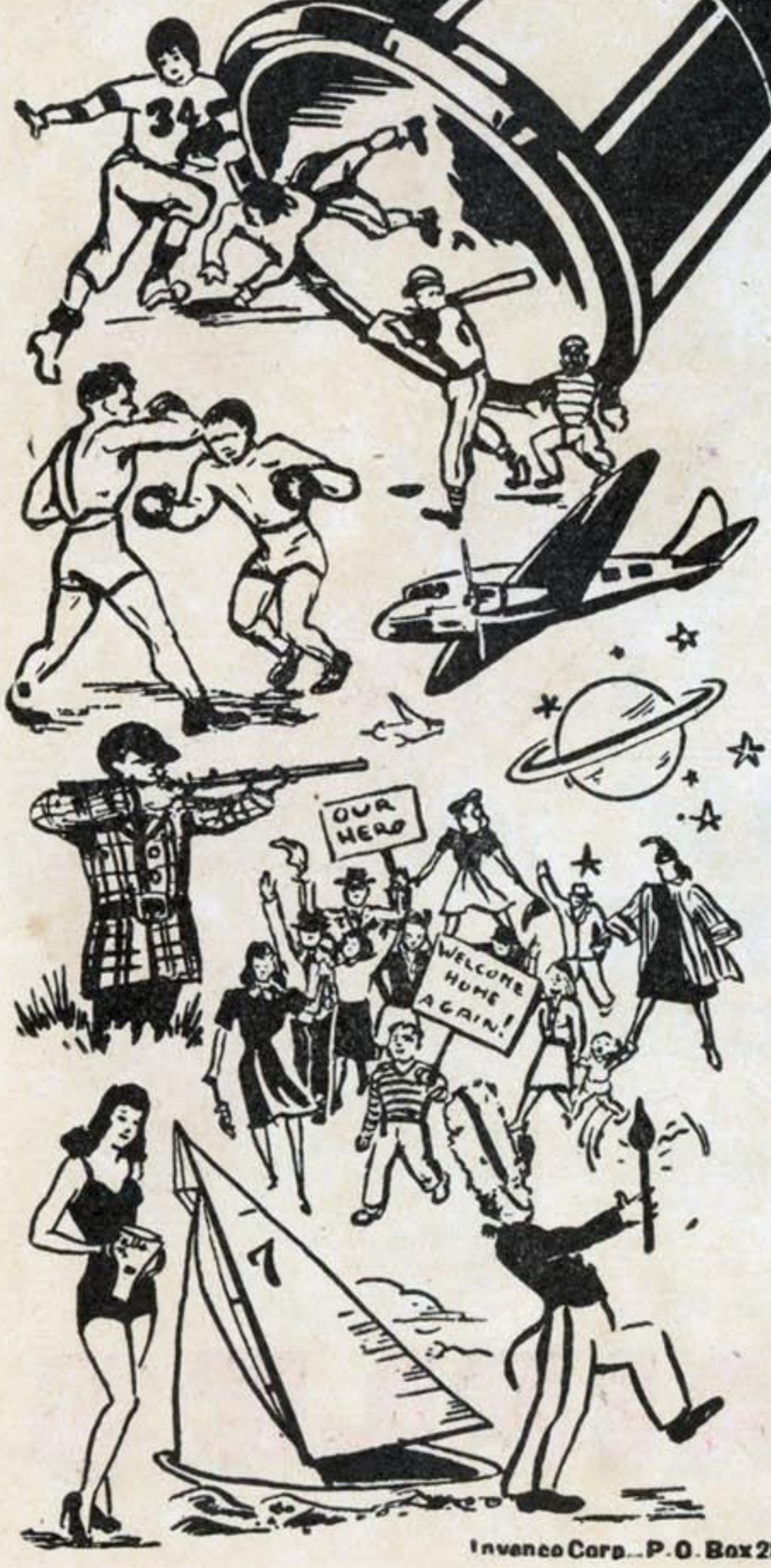

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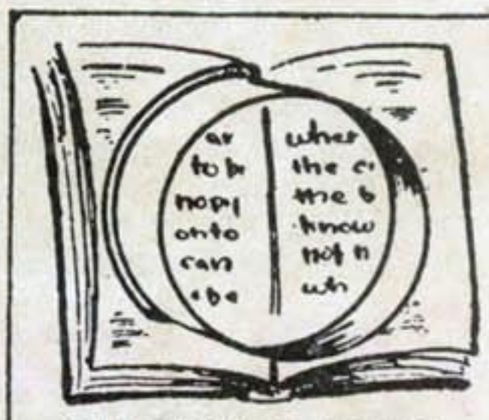

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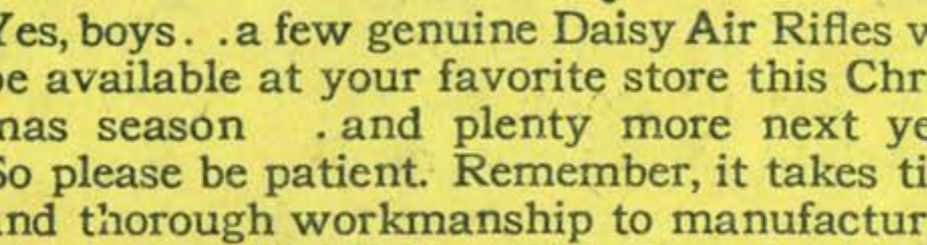

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